

stood until woman is economically as free as man. I do not mean that every woman should earn money outside of the home, but I do mean that every woman should receive the market price for her labor whether she earns it rocking a cradle or working in shop or office.

"Remove the economic pressure and watch the new love sweep away the obstacles that now make wreckage of so many lives."

ARMY OF DESPAIR

By Fred Isler, Sec'y Hoboes' Union.

THE BREAD LINE.—A cold rain is pouring down and chills to the marrow. It is just the kind of weather that makes us appreciate the comforts of a good home and a seat in a cozy chair while watching the progress of the fire slowly consuming itself in the chimney grate. But to the homeless it means the standing in line for an hour or two to get a cup of coffee and a roll.

The distribution of food on the bread line starts at 9 o'clock promptly, but long before the time set men have taken their place in the line that stretches from the corner of Halsted through the alley for a solid block, then doubles up again for pretty nearly another block. And several hundred men are there silently waiting for the reward of patience — coffee and roll.

Pretty soon steaming cans of hot beverage and boxes loaded with the products of the bakery shop make their appearance. Slowly, at a snail pace, the men pass before a small table and each and every one gets a tin cup filled with coffee and a roll. No time is wasted. The food is quickly eaten, the cups returned to the table and some of the first served return to the end of the line to "double up" for another chance at the edibles. The others, probably satisfied with one turn, leave and go where? Apparently no one knows or cares. Meanwhile the coffee and roll con-

tinue to be served and the rain continues to pour down.

THE RUFUS DAWES HOTEL BED LINE.—The line, the bed line, the ever-present line of the Army of Despair, is forming. Individuals in it may change, but the line itself never changes. Men from all directions begin to arrive. As they come they line up. It seems to be a second nature with them to so line up one after the other. The first stands near the door, the others in rotation fall in. The temperature may be at the zero mark or the snow may be covering them with a white mantle, or the rain may fall in torrents and soak them to the skin, but they, like dumb beasts, patiently wait, sometimes for hours, for the doors of the Rufus Dawes hotel to open and receive the 511 men, who for 5 and 10 cents will get a clean bed, bath and an opportunity to get rid of an army of parasitical insects that add to their many other discomforts.

The Rufus Dawes hotel is known as the place where clothing that happens to be inhabited by more than one at the same time can be fumigated. And a blessing it is to the man who is down on his luck, for the pests are easy to get, breed fast and are hard to get rid of.

The rule of the house is that no one is permitted to rent a bed for more than one night, hence the men have to line up every day.

To me that line is more interesting than a long procession of automobiles loaded with over-dressed women and prosperous-looking men belonging to the fashionable set.

To watch the men slowly entering the door of the hotel is to see misery passing in review. Some are in rags, others are fairly well-dressed. The majority wears shirts of a dark material, and now and then, as if to relieve the monotony, one or two white collars can be seen. Now and then one or two are minus an overcoat. Quite a few appear to have seen better days. Probably at some time or other many had a home to go to and